

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47.....NO. 16,888.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is a venerable festival day. New England authors attribute its origin to the Pilgrim fathers, because Governor Bradford, in 1621, called a day of thanks for the fruitfulness of the first harvest. But thanksgiving antedates the Pilgrims and Puritans by thousands of years.

The Iliad, which was poetry before writing was known, tells of the Greek harvest festivals. Every November the Greeks gathered in thanksgiving for the bounties of the past season and celebrated a festival called the Maimakteria of Zeus. The Romans followed the same custom at the same season by their November festival called Epulum Jovis.

Neither was thanksgiving unknown on this hemisphere before the Pilgrims landed. The Aztecs, whose Mexican civilization existed for centuries prior to Cortez and Pizarro, celebrated in early winter and offered sacrifices to their gods in appreciation of the bounties of that year. In like manner the Peruvians had a thanksgiving festival about the time of the winter solstice. Even to-day the Indians celebrate this ancestral feast.

In all northern lands where the winter months are so cold that vegetation then ceases to grow and the garnering of the crops marks the completion of the agricultural year, there is a harvest home festival, a thanksgiving. China had such a festival at the time of the winter solstice. So did the ancient Persians. A like festival has been known from time immemorial among all Germanic peoples.

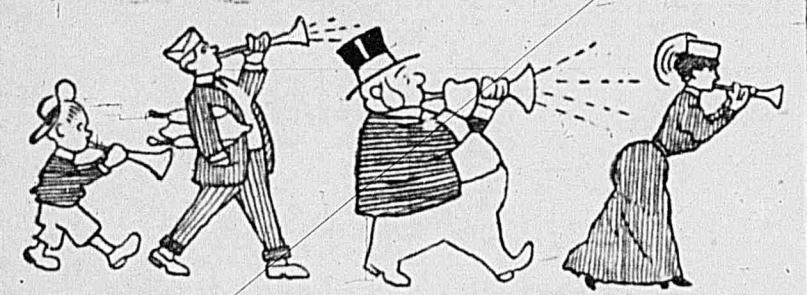
Where the American Thanksgiving is distinctive is in its glorification of the turkey. Like the historical error which attributes the invention of thanksgiving to Governor Bradford is the erroneous tradition which attributes to turkeys nativity in Turkey or Turkestan.

The turkey is the great American bird. It ran wild over North America long before the Pilgrim fathers got here. It was not known in Europe at all before the sixteenth century, when the Spanish explorers brought back a few turkeys with them. It was called the turkey bird because the Spanish at first thought that the land they had discovered was part of Asia. The French for turkey, dindon, which they call the Indian bird, is based on the same geographical misconception.

The New York Thanksgiving is descended more from the German festivals than from the Puritan church day. The habit of New York boys in dressing themselves as mummies is of English and German descent, far removed from the Puritan manner of observance. The early Puritan Thanksgiving was a fast day, not a feast day.

However its origin, Thanksgiving has become a distinctive American holiday. The Continental Congress ordered thanksgiving by resolution. The first President to declare a thanksgiving day in November by proclamation was President Lincoln in 1864.

Before that Thanksgiving had not always been celebrated on the same day, although the general usage had fixed upon the last Thursday of November. Some of the earlier thanksgivings were in December, and there have been thanksgivings in October. But since President Lincoln's proclamation the same day has been observed throughout the United States.



The giving of thanks is a necessity to preserve a proper balance to the human mind. Everybody has something to be thankful for. The three greatest blessings, life, health and liberty, are possessed by almost every American citizen. For the lack of any one of these three no amount of money or of power can compensate.

The nearer approach to happiness individual men and women can attain, the better off is the world at large. While perfect bliss may be impossible of earthly attainment, relative happiness is a matter of proportion. And its possession depends greatly on the point of view. The more a man thinks he has and the less he thinks he wants the happier he is. Discontent does its good service in remedying ills and bringing about a change from bad conditions.

But there is one day in the year from which discontent should be absent, and to-day every man and every woman should repeat to themselves a list of the many bounties and blessings which they enjoy.

Letters from the People.

To Restrict Auto Routes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Speedways and paths were made some years ago for bicycles. Why not have sections of streets similarly set apart for autos and forbid them elsewhere? On such streets raised crossings (bridges) could be at corners for pedestrians. A fair tax on autos would easily pay for this. And thousands of lives would be saved. By such "restricted" streets, autos could go from Battery to Bronx and from North to East River.
POL. ECON.

1906.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
With the Presidential election over in 1907 or 1908.
M. KASSEL.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find the names of the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Attorney-General, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture and the Postmaster-General?
MAUD LOPEZ.

The Useless North Pole.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
These polar expeditions are, to my mind, silly, dangerous and useless. Everybody is willing to take it for granted that there is a North Pole. So why bother to discover it? No good to mankind or to anyone could come from its discovery. If by any chance a ship or vessel could reach the Pole all that would happen would be that the explorers would find themselves on a mass of ice (or at best a polar sea).

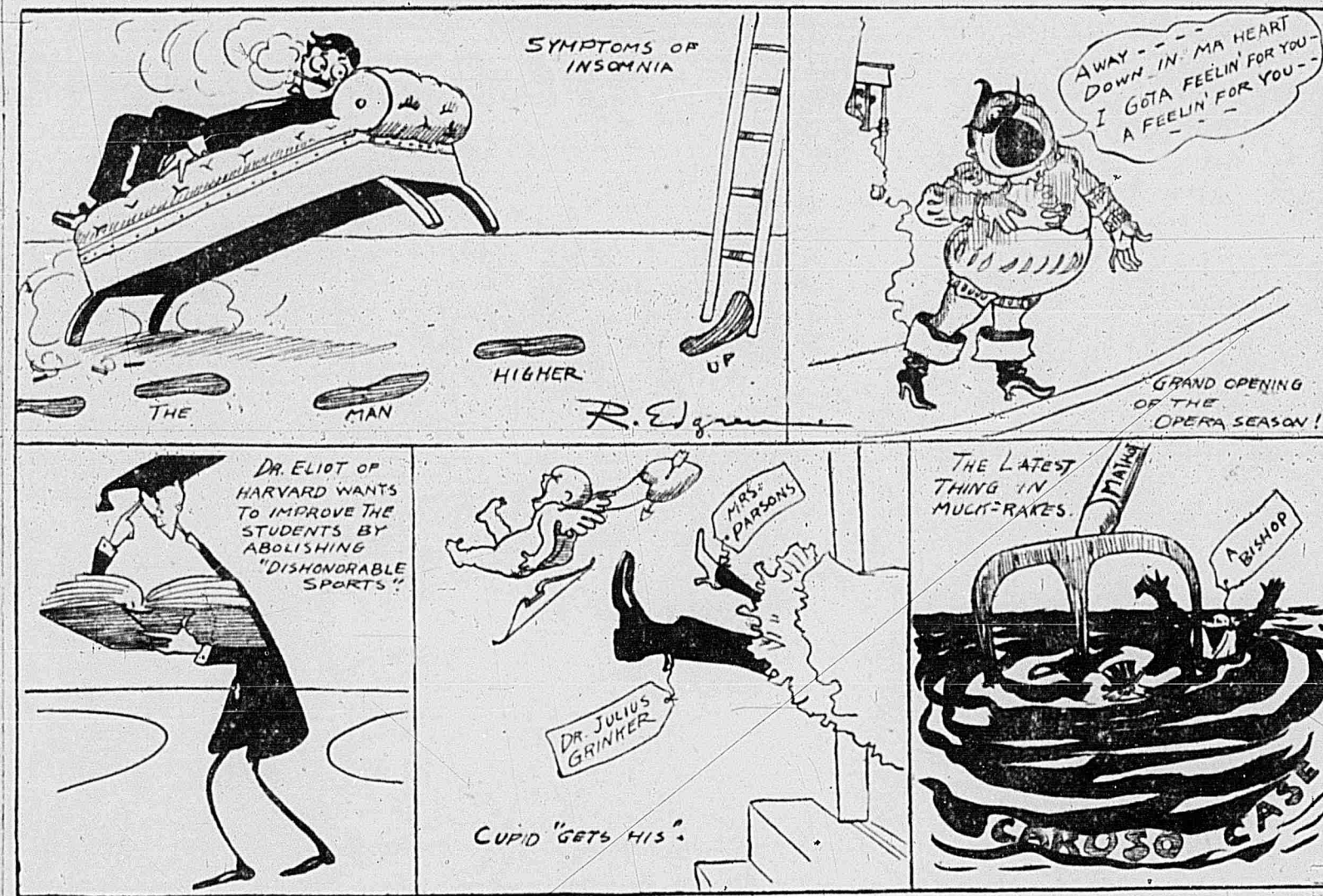
where the compass no longer would register. The papers would be full of it for a week. There would be lives, vaudeville gags and a learned book or two, and then the subject would mean no more to humanity, and serve no more purpose than do the moons of Jupiter. And it is for this that so many lives and fortunes have been lost! What utter absurdity!
IRENE MCM.

A Related Comment.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It was only natural that Ten Caruso should be fired a "tenner."
What?
OSWEGO.

Street-Car Ride.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did ever you ride on the West street horse-car?
That thing of the past, an echo from afar?
How it crawls up the street till a truck bars the way.
Then the driver "gets lively" and swears at delay.
The car jumps the track, jolting over the stones.
The driver cares not for his passengers' bones!
On gallop the horses until by good luck the car gallops the track in front of the truck.
At last when your haven you see with delight,
Amid horses and wagons you have to alight.
Dash for the sidewalk in terror and fear.
Or risk life and limb in reaching your pier.
Oh, all ye that sigh for the days of "bang" syndrome.
Your sighing will cease with one trip on this line.
A. M. L.

A Thanksgiving Review.

By Robert Edgren.



THE JARR FAMILY ☆ ☆ By Roy L. McCardell

"If you are going to be out late to-night," said Mrs. Jarr, "I know I shall be so frightened."

"What'll you be frightened about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, burglars, of course," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Pittsburg is overrun with burglars."

"Yes, but it is too far for the burglars to run over from Pittsburg," said Mr. Jarr, reassuringly. "So you're all right."

"I'm not all right," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Those burglars are just terrible!"

"Any burglar who breaks into this house only gets in debt," said Mr. Jarr.

"That's easy enough for you to say," ventured Mrs. Jarr. "But how does a burglar know whether one's things are paid for or not? And maybe he wouldn't care if he didn't!"

"Don't talk foolish!" said Mr. Jarr, testily. "How can I know? The elevator stops running at eleven and no burglar is going to walk up five flights of stairs to steal some second-hand furniture, some second-hand rugs and some plated silverware."

"Oh, that's all well enough for you to sneer, but we have a lot of valuable things," replied Mrs. Jarr. "There's the piano, and the burnt leather cushions in the cozy corner, and I paid \$15 for a new dinner set just the other day."

"If the assurance will be of any comfort to you," said Mr. Jarr, solemnly, "I can promise you that the piano is safe. Our better class burglars won't touch any except the self-playing sort. Neither are the better class burglars so avid about burnt leather wares as they were. Still, I do not blame you for worrying. I remember the time when a leather pillow, clothed after the manner of hot-shoeing a horse, brought desperate cracksmen in droves, resolving not to stop at murder in the effort to secure these rare art trophies."

"Oh, I suppose you think you're talking funny," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I am afraid of burglars, and if you care anything for me you won't stay out till all hours at this inhuman stage."

"You know I inherit my fear of burglars. I had an aunt that looked under the bed for a burglar every night for sixty years."

"And never caught one. Some burglars are lucky," said Mr. Jarr. "You don't you worry, old girl. Burglars don't work at night any more. Their union forbids it. They are all for the eight-hour day now, and they use trained mice."

"What foolishness are you talking, anyway?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I'm not," replied Mr. Jarr. "The enterprising burglar comes around during his regular working hours. He asks for the lady of the house, opens a box that has a trained mouse in it. The mouse chases all the women in the house up chairs, the burglar ransacks the place, walks out, whistles for his trained mouse, which runs after him—and there you are!"

"Now, I WON'T sleep," declared Mrs. Jarr. "I think men that will do such desperate things as to carry around a horrid trained mouse would just be the kind to come to this house the minute you left!"

"Haven't you the cat with you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why that's so," said Mrs. Jarr. "I never thought of that!"

"Mr. Jarr, please—please—please," said Mrs. Jarr, "the burglar is coming!"

When he returned he was surprised to find the flat brilliantly illuminated and Mrs. Jarr with the janitress and Mrs. Kittingly regarding the cat, which had just finished a saucer of cream, with enthusiastic admiration.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Burglars!" replied the women all at once.

"I heard a commotion in the kitchen," continued Mrs. Jarr. "and in a moment kitty came running in carrying a mouse. The burglar creature had tackled the burglar in the dark and taken his mouse away from him. Then I screamed and the janitress came up, and Mrs. Kittingly came down!"

"And the burglar escaped?" asked Mr. Jarr with twinkling eyes.

"He must have," said Mrs. Jarr. "We've been afraid to look, but we haven't heard a sound from the kitchen since!"

"Your cat should be named of itself," said Mr. Jarr, with mock seriousness. "Maybe that mouse belonged to some poor, hard working young burglar just starting in the business."

"Well, I don't care," said Mrs. Jarr. "If it wasn't for the notoriety we would have sent for a policeman and had him catch the burglar!"

Next day all the ladies in the apartments talked over the murderous wiles of burglars and declared the landlord ought to furnish burglar and mouse-proof safes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantfooler. L.2 L.2 L.2 L.2 L.2 L.2 By E. F. Flinn



Not for Publication.

THE engagement between a wealthy Baltimore belle and an inept-looking chapman of that city was at one time last winter seriously near the "buckaking-off" point, and all by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant of whom the young man had ordered flowers for his beloved, says Harper's Weekly.

It appears that the young fellow had hastily despatched to the florist's establishment two cards, one bearing an order for roses to be sent to the young lady's address and the other intended to be attached to the flowers.

What was the "astonishment and indignation of the beloved one when, on taking the roses from their boxes, she found affixed the card bearing the legend:

"Roses. Do the best you can for \$2."

Pointed Paragraphs.

A MINUTE to-day is worth an hour to-morrow. Land is about the only thing sailors have to bank on. Women who kiss each other are often guilty of counterfeiting. He is a wise man who either speaks the truth or says nothing. Every man has an excuse for drinking—and each is worse than the other. If a woman laughs at a man's jokes it's because he isn't her husband. About the only free silver we need expect is the silver lining of the clouds. Revenge as contemplated may be sweet, but it is always more or less bitter when realized. Almost any man can be a power for evil—but it takes a man among men to be a power for good. Only few men are able to appreciate the humor in a practical joke that comes at them from first. When a man attempts to interfere with the affairs of a woman the best he can get is the worst of it. Ignorance of the law excuses no man, but it sometimes accounts for the failure of a lawyer to make good. It sometimes happens that the minister who follows his calling too strenuously is called down by his congregation.—Chicago News.

Joke on the Cardinal.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, of Baltimore, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was the guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Parthington proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home his mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "Your Eminence," says Judge.

On the present occasion, when the cardinal rang the bell, the man of impulsive countenance answered, received the card, and turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please, mum, your remnant has come."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial Cardinal himself.

Love Affairs of Great Men by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway.

"NEVER durst not touch pen to write" Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs" Wrote Shakespeare, but in his case it was his love, not his pen, that was tempered, and very badly tempered at that. For Anne Hathaway, the mature young woman of twenty-six who married our greatest poet when he was only eighteen years old, and even more hapless and helpless than older men have proven in the same emergency, was of an April amiability, being fair one minute, melting the next, and with a shrewish reminiscence of March about her all the time.

Little is known of their courtship except that it was short, and the marriage rather unexpected, at least on Shakespeare's side. Three children were born of it, the oldest being a girl, Susanna, the others twins, a boy and a girl, Hamnet and Judith.

Shakespeare's marriage is generally considered a failure. The basis for this conclusion, however, is rather slender, being built altogether on the fact that the poet's will devised to the ungente Anne "the second best bed," and made no other mention of her at all. Ingenious explanations of this fact have been given, however, one being that, according to the English code, the best bed had to revert to the heir at law, and there was consequently no stir, but rather a compliment to Anne Hathaway, in specifically devising her the second best.

Anne, when Shakespeare fell in love with her in 1555 or 1556, was a very beautiful young woman. Several of Shakespeare's sonnets are said to have been written to her, among them this punning rhapsody:

"Whoever hast her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,' And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus. More than enough and I that vex thee still Go thy sweet will, making addition thus."

There were moments in their long married life when Anne Hathaway quite agreed with the poet when she said "Will's in overplus."

However they may have been when Shakespeare went from his birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon to London, he left Anne Hathaway behind. But every year during his long London sojourn he paid a visit to his family in Stratford.

His children were baptized, married and buried there, and all his earnings were invested there. At Anne Hathaway's death, many years after her husband's, she expressed a strong wish to be buried in the same grave with him.

Shakespeare's son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve. His two daughters, Susanna and Judith, were married and married, though neither had any children. No lineal descendant of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway exists.

It is customary to think of Shakespeare as a youth victimized into contracting an unfortunate marriage. But there are throughout his works, and particularly in the sonnets, indications of a lack of any code of morals which would have made it impossible for any woman to live with him. There is no record of his having a serious love affair with any other woman. His wife's name, Anne Hathaway, is the only one that has come down the ages linked with his.

New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

WHEN this happy day is done, when the last mortality or football score has passed through the hands of the editor of the obituary column, when we have faithfully observed the President's proclamation that everybody has a right to celebrate except three companies of Williams and Walker soldiers down in Texas, when we have dropped the timely chrysanthemum of remembrance upon the graves of those immortal ancestors of ours who, landing upon the stern and hide-bound shores of New England, at once held a service of rejoicing because the Indians seemed to be such ready money and there was plenty of good dry wood handy in case anybody should flush a witch or a quaker—when we have done all these things, it will be well for doctors here in the island home of the Lobster Tribe to frisk their memories with a view to ascertaining what they've got to be thankful for, anyhow.

Because, dearly beloved, any one in these parts who can be wholly, entirely thankful, thankful without a single mental reservation, is the kind of person who cannot detect the hole in the doughnut or the fresh air in the pretzel. His immediate relatives will do well to file him away for future reference in a sanitarium before he gets a notion into his head, foolish enough that Jerome is really going to do something to somebody—which is the last, hopeless fatal sign of incurable optimism.

Take us, for example, in the matter of the Thanksgiving dinner, that glorious, time-hallowed institution that has come down to us from the days when the Pilgrim Father was called away from the groaning table to be scalped at the front door by a total stranger of a deep sorrel aspect. He may have lost his marcel, but he preserved his digestion in a comparatively intact condition. Can we, his descendants, or ostensibly so, say as much for ourselves? Nay, nay, comes back the answer from the penman of the post-prandial pill.

Let us consider the Thanksgiving dinner as it is served to us here—and then wish we were even as the cattle of the fields, which eat hay and rejoice thereat. We shall assume, reader, that we are among the 4,000,000 persons in this country who trace their lineage straight back to the Pilgrim Fathers, that being in itself a fact which should cause us to give the Pilgrim Mothers some of the credit for themselves. With such blood flowing in our veins we feel that we are qualified to know what a real Thanksgiving dinner should be like.

We go to a restaurant, run by a scion of the sturdiest and purest Puritan stock in Lithuania. A member of the Hungarian branch of the Cotton Mather family waits on us, and the food is prepared by a disciple of the New England school of cooking as it is practiced in Hamburg.

We get a turkey that has been on ice in Mr. Armour's custody since the spring of the year that Parker ran for President, the deceased being garnished with a stuffing made up of all the things that the cook didn't have anywhere else to put, and so concealed the nature of the helplessness. With this course come some cranberry sauce, which good old Dr. Wiley has taught us is a cheery compound of glucose, roofing paint and formaldehyde. Immediately on tasting the plum-pudding we recognize the brand, and know all the chef needed to make it ready for serving was a can-opener and a crock of hard sauce.

Most remember, at the old homestead, in childhood's happy days, with what loving care and sentiment the Thanksgiving pie was evolved? Even good old grandpa lent her new set of store teeth in order that the edges of the crust might be properly fluted. Don't remember? Well, the pie you'll get to-night will be one of an edition of forty thousand Sporting-Extra pies run off on a cylinder color press as a rush order to catch the uptown trade. No poetry entered into its architecture and construction. Its contents were mingled in a vat with a spade by a sneaky Swede gentleman who was in a hurry to get through and go to the corner and enjoy his Thanksgiving dinner out of a stein.

THE FUNNY PART:
We don't seem to realize that we ought to give thanks, not for the Thanksgiving dinner, but for having survived it.

Thanksgiving.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

BY mid-day in the oven hot the Turk should sizzle for an hour Until it's time to serve him up with cranberries so red and sour, With prunes sweet and good to eat, with lucid cauliflower, With lettuce, too, to grace and strew the cozy little bower, wherein will rest and toffily nest the Turk in all his power, while grapes and nuts and juicy cuts of pie will add their dower.

At midnight in his gloomy couch the diner tumbles palely, while round his bed the ghosts and spooks revolve in circles gayly. Much rude string food has made him feel internally quite ally. And through the anguished night the lugging hours travel snally. He wouidn't it he'll reach his work, when duty calls him dally, And rises in the morning feeling dry and punk and stately.

Oh, mortals, that each year ye try this ultra-high high living, Well knowing of the finish, and yet call the thing Thanksgiving.

Where Leopards Are Polite.

INDIA'S hunting leopard, the cheetah, has a reputation as one of the most gentlemanly of beasts. Three Calcutta visitors to Northern India were out on a tramp when they were overtaken by a thunderstorm. They sought a cave in the side of a hill, and into it they rushed. When the rain stopped they came out and found a cheetah sitting on the heavy wet off his waistcoat and his paw. It was his cave, but rather than deprive his visitors of their shelter the polite creature had sat outside in the driving tempest. With a friendly mew and gracefully wagging his tail the cheetah bade adieu to his guests and walked with dignity into his house.